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THE WONDER.

COSTUME.

Don Lopez. — Black velvet shirt, trimmed with gold; arm-hole cloak to match, trimmed with black fur; round yeoman hat, black feathers; crimson stockings; black strap shoes; gray head of hair, short ringlets; cane.

Don Felix. — *First Dress.* Crimson velvet shirt; Spanish short cloak; round black yeoman hat, white ostrich feathers; white silk tights; black strap shoes. — *Second Dress.* Broad printed gown; black body trimmed with red; Spanish points; cloak; conical hat and mob cap.

Frederic. — Light blue shirt, trimmed with silver and amber; scarlet Spanish cloak; black round hat, white feathers; white silk tights; black strap shoes.

Colonel Briton. — Old-fashioned square-cut coat; white kerseymere vest and breeches; high black boots; three-cornered hat.

Don Pedro. — Brown shirt trimmed with gold and blue; brown arm-hole cloak, trimmed with black or brown fur; round hat, scarlet feathers; blue tights; black strap shoes; white head of hair, short ringlets.

Lissardo. — Amber vest and pants, trimmed with binding of various colors; scarlet fly; amber hat; yellow Hessian boots; flaxen wig.

Gibby. — Dark-red square-cut coat; buff long vest; plaid skirt and scarf; bonnet and usual Scotch properties; red wig; black old men's shoes and buckles.

1*st Alguazil.* — Black gown; skull cap; black shoes and rosettes; black wand.

Vasquez. — Plain blue shirt, trimmed with yellow; yellow tights; black shoes and rosettes.

Servants. — Same as Vasquez.

Servant. — Plain shirt; tights and black shoes.

Alguazil attendants. — Black gowns and skull caps; black shoes and rosettes; swords and waist carriages.

Violante. — White satin dress, spangled points; hanging sleeves; veil.

Isabella. — White leno dress, colored satin body; hanging sleeves and points, trimmed with silver, and black veil.

Flora. — Black velvet body, and hanging sleeves, trimmed with black points; black gauze apron, trimmed with blue.

Inis. — White petticoat; point calico body and apron.

THE WONDER.

ACT I.

Scene I. — *A Street*, 1 g.

Enter Don Lopez, l. h. 1 e., *meeting* Frederic, r. h. 1 e.

Fred. My lord, Don Lopez.

Lop. How d'ye, Frederic?

Fred. At your lordship's service. I am glad to see you look so well, my lord; I hope Antonio's out of danger.

Lop. Quite the contrary; his fever increases, they tell me; and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal.

Fred. Your son, Don Felix, is safe, I hope.

Lop. I hope so too; but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your lordship from him?

Lop. Not since he went. I forbade him writing till the public news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered; however, if Antonio dies, Felix shall for England. You have been there; what sort of people are the English?

Fred. My lord, the English are, by nature, what the ancient Romans were by discipline — courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with liberty. Liberty is the idol of the English, under whose banner all the nation enlists; give but the word for liberty, and straight more armed legions would appear than France and Philip keep in constant pay.

Lop. I like their principles. Who does not wish for freedom in all degrees of life? though common prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do; for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guzman, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither he went to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle.

Fred. You will not, surely, sacrifice the lovely Isabella to age avarice, and a fool? Pardon the expression, my lord; but my concern for your beauteous daughter transports me beyond that good manners which I ought to pay to your lordship's presence.

Lop. I can't deny the justness of the character, Frederic; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these wars; and he has

two things which render him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law — he is rich and well born; as for his being a fool, I don't conceive how that can be any blot in a husband who is already possessed of a good estate. A poor fool, indeed, is a very scandalous thing; and so are your poor wits, in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of but the inside of their skulls. Now, for Don Guzman, I know I can rule him as I think fit; this is acting the politic part, Frederic, without which it is impossible to keep up the port of this life.

Fred. But have you no consideration for your daughter's welfare, my lord?

Lop. Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a year no consideration? Now I think it a very good consideration.

Fred. One way, my lord. But what will the world say of such a match?

Lop. Sir, I value not the world a button.

Fred. I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband.

Lop. There I believe you are pretty much in the right; though it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to inquire into, nor, I believe, ever shall. Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their children's inclinations! No, no, sir; it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

Fred. But this is of another nature, my lord.

Lop. Look ye, sir; I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman the moment he arrives. (*Crosses to* R. H.) Though I could not govern my son, I will my daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This match, my lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel. Don Antonio's sister, Elvira, wanted beauty only; but Guzman every thing but ——

Lop. Money, and that will purchase every thing; and so adieu. (*Exit*, R. H.)

Fred. Monstrous! These are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony — he is rich and well born; powerful arguments, indeed! Could I but add them to the friendship of Don Felix, what might I not hope? But a merchant and a grandee of Portugal are inconsistent names.

Enter LISSARDO, L. H. 1 E., *in a riding habit.*

Lissardo! from whence came you?

Lis. That letter will inform you, sir.

Fred. I hope your master's safe.

Lis. I left him so; I have another to deliver which requires haste. Your most humble servant, sir. (*Bowing, crosses to* R. H.)

Fred. To Violante, I suppose.

Lis. The same. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Fred. (*Reads.*) "*Dear Frederic — the two chief blessings of this life are, a friend and a mistress; to be debarred the sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio's death, and therefore resolve to*

venture to thy house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend. Yours, FELIX." Pray heaven he comes undiscovered. — Ha! Colonel Briton.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, R. H. 1 E.

Col. B. Frederic, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to Lisbon, colonel?

Col. B. La fortune de la guerre, as the French say. I have commanded these three last years in Spain; but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and give us good Protestants leave to hope for Christian burial, so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a lodging, colonel, pray command my house while you stay.

Col. B. If I were sure I should not be troublesome I would accept your offer, Frederic.

Fred. So far from trouble, colonel, I shall take it as a particular favor. What have we here?

Col. B. My footman. This is our country dress, you must know, which, for the honor of Scotland, I make all my servants wear.

Enter GIBBY, *in a Highland dress,* R. H. 1 E.

Gibby. What mun I de with the horses, and like yer honor? They will tak cold gin they stand in the causeway.

Fred. O, I'll take care of them. What, hoa! Vasquez!

Enter VASQUEZ, R. H. 1 E.

Put the horses, which that honest fellow will show you, into my stable; do you hear? and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, sir. (VASQUEZ *crosses to* GIBBY *and bows to him.*) Sir, by my master's orders, I am, sir, your most obsequious, humble servant. Be pleased to lead the way.

Gibby. 'Sbleed, gang yer gate, sir, and I sall follow ye. (VASQUEZ *goes back to* R. H.) Ise tee hungry to feed on compliments.

(*Exit,* 1 E. R. H., VASQUEZ *bowing him off.*)

Fred. Ha, ha! a comical fellow. Well, how do you like our country, colonel?

Col. B. Why, faith, Frederic, a man might pass his time agreeably enough withinside of a nunnery; but to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay, willing girls, too, through a damned grate, gives us Britons strong temptations to plunder! Ah, Frederic, your priests are wicked rogues; they immure beauty for their own proper use, and show it only to the laity to create desires, and inflame accounts, that they may purchase pardons at a dearer rate.

Fred. I own wenching is something more difficult here than in England, where women's liberties are subservient to their inclinations, and husbands seem of no effect, but to take care of the children which their wives provide.

Col. B. And does restraint get the beter of inclination with your women here? No, I'll be sworn not, even in fourscore. Don't I know the constitution of the Spanish ladies?

Fred. And of all the ladies where you come, colonel; you were ever a man of gallantry.

Col. B. Ah, Frederic, the kirk half starves us Scotchmen. We are kept so sharp at home that we feed like cannibals abroad. Harkye; hast thou never a pretty acquaintance now that thou wouldst consign over to a friend for half an hour — ha?

Fred. Faith, colonel, I am the worst pimp in Christendom; you had better trust to your own luck; the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. B. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure than run the hazard of a stiletto in my body Wilt thou recommend me to a wife, then? one that is willing to exchange her moidores for English liberty — ha, friend!

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose.

Col. B. The handsomer the better — but be sure she has a nose.

Fred. Ay, ay, and some gold.

Col. B. O, very much gold; I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Pho; beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. B. At first, perhaps, it may; but the second or third dose will choke me. I confess, Frederic, women are the prettiest playthings in nature; but gold, substantial gold, gives 'em the air, the mien, the shape, the grace, and beauty of a goddess.

Fred. And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes, colonel?

Col. B. Too often —

None marry now for love; no, that's a jest:
The self-same bargain serves for wife and beast.

Fred. You are always gay, colonel. Come, shall we take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

Col. B. I have two or three compliments to discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure. Where do you live?

Fred. At yon corner house with the green rails.

Col. B. In the close of the evening I will endeavor to kiss your hand. Adieu.

Fred. I shall expect you with impatience.

(*Exeunt* COLONEL, L. H. 1 E., *and* FREDERIC, R. H. 1 E.)

SCENE II. — *A Room in* DON LOPEZ'S *House*, 2 G. L. H. D. F., *practical.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* INIS, *her maid*, R. H. 1 E.

Inis. For goodness' sake, madam, where are you going in this pet?

Isa. Any where, to avoid matrimony: the thought of a husband is terrible to me.

Inis. Ay, of an old husband; but if you may choose for yourself, I fancy matrimony wou d be no such frightful thing to you.

Isa. You are pretty much in the right, Inis; but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply those defects! Ah, Inis, what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetter but inclination! The custom of our country enslaves us from our very cradles — first to our parents, next to our husbands; and when heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us; so that, maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant man; therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat, to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you! A monastery, quotha! where you'll wish yourself into the green-sickness in a month.

Isa. What care I? There will be no man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor, what's much worse, to please you neither. Odslife, madam, you are the first woman that ever despaired in a Christian country! Were I in your place ——

Isa. Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair wind, with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water; no shore can treat you worse than your own; there's never a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

Isa. I am too great a coward to follow your advice: I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

Enter Don Lopez, L. H. 1 E.

Lop. Must you so, mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. — (*Aside.*) Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

Isa. To church, sir.

Inis. (*Aside.*) The old rogue has certainly overheard her.

Lop. Your devotion must needs be very strong, or your memory very weak, my dear; why, vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

Isa. Ha! to-morrow!

Lop. He writes me word that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

Isa. And the most unhappy woman in the world. — O, sir, if I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

Lop. No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Isa. That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. (*Kneels.*)

Lop. I grant it — thou shalt have an armful of flesh and blood

to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha! heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl.

Inis. (*Aside.*) Here's an old dog for you!

Isa. Do not mistake, sir; the fatal stroke which separates soul and body is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners than the name of Guzman to my ear.

Lop. Puh, puh; you lie, you lie!

Isa. My frighted heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

Lop. A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse, it would serve for a tragedy. Why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child. I fancy this was all extempore; I don't believe thou didst ever think one word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my lord; for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

Lop. How, how? What! do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember, 'tis your duty to obey.

Isa. (*Rises.*) I never disobeyed before, and wish I had not reason now; but nature has got the better of my duty, and makes me loathe the harsh commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha! very fine! Ha, ha!

Isa. Death itself would be welcome!

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Isa. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry Guzman!

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. (*Draws.*) Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. (*Offers her his sword.*) The point is pretty sharp; 'twill do your business, I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, sir, what do you mean, to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

Lop. Desperate! ha, ha, ha! you see how desperate she is. What! art thou frighted, little Bell — ha?

Isa. I confess I am startled at your morals, sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man.

Isa. I shall take neither, sir; death has many doors; and when I can live no longer with pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

Lop. Sayest thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. (*Takes hold of her, and pulls a key out of his pocket.*) I shall make bold to secure thee, my dear. I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman comes. Go, get into your chamber. (*Pushes her in, and locks* L. H. D., *flat.*)

There I'll your boasted resolution try —
And see who'll get the better, you or I.

(*Exeunt*, 1 E. R. H.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Handsome Chamber in* DON PEDRO'S *House*, 3 G. *Set window, practical*, 2 E. L. H.; *set door*, R. H. 1 E.; *set door*, L. H. 1 E.; *table in* C., *on it pens, ink, portfolio, books; two lighted candles; sofa on* L. H.; *two chairs on* L. H.; *two chairs on* R. H.; D. F. R. H., *practical.*

Enter VIOLANTE, *reading a letter, and* FLORA *following*, D. R. .U. 1 E.

Flora. What! must that letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can never be read too often: it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things. (*Kisses it.*)

Flora. But always the same language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

Flora. In my opinion nothing charms that does not change; and any composition of the four and twenty letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank note or a bill of exchange.

Vio. Thy taste is my aversion. (*Reads.*) "*My all that's charming, since life's not life, exiled from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederic and thee are all I trust. This six weeks' absence has been, in love's account, six hundred years. When it is dark, expect the wonted signal at thy window; till when, adieu. Thine, more than his own.* FELIX."

Flora. (*Aside.*) Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty, and twenty thousand pounds? — Were I a man, methinks I could have said a hundred finer things.

Vio. What would you have said?

Flora. I would have compared your eyes to the stars, your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to ——

Vio. No more of your bombast; truth is the best eloquence in a lover. What proof remains ungiven of his love? When his father threatened to disinherit him for refusing Don Antonio's sister, from whence sprang this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me? And now, though strict inquiry runs through every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me? (*Crosses*, R. H.)

Flora. But you know, madam, your father, Don Pedro, designs you for a nun, — to be sure you look very like a nun, — and says your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

Vio. Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to one and twenty, as I am informed. But, however, I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

Flora. Yes, madam. — (*Aside.*) Now for a thousand verbal questions. (*Exit*, L. H. D. 1 E.)

Reënter FLORA, *with* LISSARDO, L. H. D. 1 E.

Vio. (R. H.) Well, and how do you do, Lissardo?

Lis. (C.) Ah, very weary, madam. — (*Apart to* FLORA.) Faith, thou look'st wondrous pretty, Flora.

Vio. How came you?

Lis. En chevalier, madam, upon a hackney jade, which, they told me, formerly belonged to an English colonel. (VIOLANTE *retires up; sits at table.*) But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman Catholic all her lifetime; for she downed on her knees to every stock and stone we came along by. — (*Apart to* FLORA.) My chops water for a kiss; they do, Flora.

Flora. (*Apart to* LISSARDO.) You'd make one believe you are wondrous fond now.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Lis. (*Apart to* FLORA.) Odd, if I had you alone, housewife, I'd show you how fond I could be!

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Lis. At a little farm house, madam, about five miles off. He'll be at Don Frederic's in the evening. — (*Apart to* FLORA.) Odd, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine.

Vio. Is he in health?

Flora. (L. H., *apart to* LISSARDO.) O, you counterfeit wondrous well.

Lis. (*Apart to* FLORA.) No; every body knows I counterfeit very ill.

Vio. (*Comes down*, R. H.) How say you? Is Felix ill? What's his distemper — ha?

Lis. (C.) Love, madam, love. In short, madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lisbon. I am sure he could not, if I may judge of his heart by my own. (*Looks lovingly upon* FLORA.)

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts, Lissardo?

Lis. By an infallible rule, madam, words are the pictures of the mind, you know; now, to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you — for example, madam, coming from shooting t'other day, with a brace of partridges, "Lissardo," said he, "go bid the cook roast me these Violantes." — (*To* FLORA.) I flew into the kitchen, full of thoughts of thee, and cried, "Here, cook, roast me these Florellas.

Flora. (*To* LISSARDO.) Ha, ha! excellent! You mimic your master, then, it seems.

Lis. (*To* FLORA.) I can do every thing as well as my master, you little rogue. — Another time, madam, the priest came to make him a visit; he called out hastily; "Lissardo," said he, "bring a Violante for my father to sit down on." Then he often mistook my name, madam, and called me Violante; in short, I heard it so often that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily, then, it seems.

Lis. O, exceeding merry, madam. (*Kisses* FLORA'S *hand.*)

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry? Had you treats and balls?

Lis. O, yes, yes, madam, several.

Flora. (*Apart to* LISSARDO.) You are mad, Lissardo; you don't mind what my lady says to you.

Vio. (*Aside.*) Ha! balls? Is he so merry in my absence? — And did your master dance, Lissardo?

Lis. Dance, madam! Where, madam?

Vio. Why, at those balls you speak of.

Lis. Balls! What balls, madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in love, Lissardo. Did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

Lis. Balls, madam! What balls, ma'am? Odslife, I ask your pardon, madam! I — I — I had mislaid some wash-balls of my master's t'other day; and because I could not think where I had laid them, just when he asked for them, he very fairly broke my head, madam; and now it seems I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance, madam! No, no, poor gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbraced drum.

Vio. Poor Felix! There, wear that ring for your master's sake; and let him know I shall be ready to receive him.

(*Exit*, D. R. H. 1 E.)

Lis. I shall, madam. (*Puts on the ring.*) Methinks a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman. (*Admires his hand.*)

Flora. (*Aside.*) That ring must be mine. — Well, Lissardo, what haste you make to pay off arrears now! Look how the fellow stands!

Lis. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty hand — and very white — and the shape! — Faith, I never minded it so much before! In my opinion, it is a very fine-shaped hand, and becomes a diamond ring as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

Flora. The man's transported! Is this your love? This your impatience?

Lis. (*Takes snuff.*) Now, in my mind, I take snuff with a very jantee air. — Well, I am persuaded I want (*crosses to* L. H.) nothing but a coach and a title to make me a very fine gentleman. (*Crosses to* R. H.)

Flora. Sweet Mr. Lissardo — (*courtesies*) — if I may presume to speak to you without affronting your little finger ——

Lis. Odso, madam, I ask your pardon. Is it to me or to the ring you direct your discourse, madam?

Flora. Madam, good lack! How much a diamond ring improves one!

Lis. Why, though I say it, I can carry myself as well as any body. — But what wert you going to say, child?

Flora. Why, I was going to say — that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring; it will be a very pretty wedding ring, Lissardo; would it not?

Lis. Humph! — ah! — but — but — but — I believe I shan't marry yet a while.

Flora. You shan't, you say? — Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Inis?

Lis. No, no; I never bribe an old acquaintance. Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little, till we come to a right understanding — but, then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

Flora. Insolent! Is that your manner of dealing?

Lis. With all but thee. — Kiss me, you little rogue you. (*Hugs her.*)

Flora. Little rogue! Pr'ythee, fellow, don't be so familiar. (*Pushes him away.*) If I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

Lis. You can, you say? Spoke with the air of a chambermaid.

Flora. Replied with the spirit of a serving man.

Re-enter VIOLANTE, D. R. H. 1 E.

Lis. Pr'ythee, Flora, don't let you and I fall out; I am in a merry humor, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flora. What care I where you fall in!

Vio. Why do you keep Lissardo so long, Flora, when you don't know how soon my father may awake? His afternoon naps are never long.

Flora. (*Aside.*) Had Don Felix been with her, she would not have thought the time long. These ladies consider nobody's wants but their own.

Vio. Go, go, let him out. (FLORA *goes up to table and gets candle.*)

Flora. Yes, madam.

Lis. I fly, madam. (*Exeunt* LISSARDO *and* FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E.)

Vio. The day draws in, and night, the lover's friend, advances — night, more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

Flora. (*Within*, 1 E. L. H.) Ah, thieves, thieves! murder, murder!

Vio. (*Shrieks.*) Ah, defend me, Heaven! what do I hear? Felix is certainly pursued, and will be taken.

Re-enter FLORA, *with a broken candle in candlestick, running,* D. L. H. 1 E.

How now! Why dost stare so? Answer me quickly; what's the matter?

Flora. O madam, as I was letting out Lissardo, a gentleman rushed between him and me, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

Vio. Ha! a dead person! Heaven grant it does not prove my Felix.

Flora. Here they are, madam.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the meaning of this accident.

(*Exit*, D. R. H. 1 E. FLORA *places chair*, C.)

Enter COLONEL BRITON, D. L. H. 1 E., *with* ISABELLA *in his arms, whom he sets down in a chair, and addresses himself to* FLORA.

Col. B. Madam, the necessity this lady was under of being conveyed into some house with speed and secrecy, will, I hope, excuse any indecency I might be guilty of in pressing so rudely into this — I am an entire stranger to her name and circumstances. — (*Aside.*) Would I were so to her beauty, too! — I commit her, madam, to your care,

and fly to make her retreat secure; if the street be clear, permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth if I can be further serviceable. Pray, madam, what is the lady of this house called?

Flora. Violante, seignior.

Col. B. Are you she, madam?

Flora. Only her woman, seignior.

Col. B. Your humble servant, mistress. Pray be careful of the lady. (*Drops letter. Gives her two moidores, and exit,* D. L. H. 1 E.)

Flora. Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow. This is the only way to make one careful.

Reënter VIOLANTE, D. R. H. 1 E.

Vio. Was you distracted, Flora, to tell my name to a man you never saw? Unthinking wench! Who knows what this may turn to? What, is the lady dead? Ah, defend me, Heaven! 'tis Isabella, sister to my Felix. What has befallen her? Pray Heaven he's safe. Run and fetch some cold water. Stay, stay, Flora — Isabella, friend, speak to me — O, speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

Isa. O, hold, my dearest father, do not force me. Indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks!

Isa. Ha! Where am I?

Vio. With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself canst be.

Isa. Violante! what kind star preserved and lodged me here?

Flora. It was a terrestrial star, called a man, madam; pray Jupiter he proves a lucky one.

Isa. O, I remember now. Forgive me, dear Violante; my thoughts ran so much upon the danger I escaped, I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your story?

Isa. Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father designed to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who, it seems, is just returned from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he locked me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arrived, and force me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be won from his design; and having no hope left me to escape the marriage, I leaped from the window into the street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself, I hope.

Isa. No; a gentleman passing by, by accident, caught me in his arms: at first, my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

Flora. He is a very fine gentleman, I promise you, madam; and a well-bred man, I warrant him. I think I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole lifetime; then he opened his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold could equal.

Vio. Go, leave us, Flora. (*Exit* FLORA, D. R. H. 1 E.) But how came you hither, Isabella?

Isa. I know not; I desired the stranger to convey me to the next monastery; but ere I reached the door, I saw, or fancied that I saw,

Lissardo, my brother's man; and the thought that his master might not be far off, flung me into a swoon, which is all that I can remember. Ha! what's here? (*Picks up letter on stage.* "*For Colonel Briton. To be left at the post-house in Lisbon.*") This must be dropped by the stranger who brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier; take care he does not lay thee under contribution, girl.

Isa. I find he is a gentleman; and if he is but unmarried, I could be content to follow him all the world over. But I shall never see him more, I fear. (*Sighs and pauses.*)

Vio. What makes you sigh, Isabella?

Isa. The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Isa. Yes, if you conceal me two or three days.

Vio. You command my house and secrecy.

Isa. I thank you, Violante. I wish you would oblige me with Mrs. Flora a while.

Vio. I'll send her to you. I must watch if 'dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for Felix. (*Exit*, D. R. H. 1 E.)

Isa. Well, I don't know what ails me; methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

Reënter FLORA, D. R. H. 1 E.

Flora. Does your ladyship want me, madam?

Isa. Ay, Mrs. Flora, I resolve to make you my confidant.

Flora. I shall endeavor to discharge my duty, madam.

Isa. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.

Flora. O, dear signora, I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

Isa. I believe it. But to the purpose — do you think, if you saw the gentleman who brought me hither, you should know him again?

Flora. From a thousand, madam: I have an excellent memory where a handsome man is concerned. When he went away, he said he would return again immediately. I wonder he comes not.

Isa. Here, did you say? You rejoice me — though I'll not see him if he comes. Could not you contrive to give him a letter?

Flora. With the air of a duenna.

Isa. Not in this house — you must veil and follow him. He must not know it comes from me.

Flora. What, do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Though I have not practised the art since I have been in Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid. Do you write the letter, and leave the rest to me — here, here, here's pen, ink, and paper.

Isa. I'll do it in a minute. (*Sits at table*, C., *and writes.*)

Flora. So! this is a business after my own heart: Love always takes care to reward his laborers, and Great Britain seems to be his favorite country. O, I long to see the other two moidores with a British air. Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation in making a present.

Isa. So, I have done — now if he does but find this house again.

Flora. If he should not, I warrant I'll find him, if he's in Lisbon; for I have a strong possession that he has two more moidores as good as ever were told. (*Puts the letter into her bosom.*)

Re-enter VIOLANTE, D. 1, H. 1 E.

Vio. Flora, watch my papa; he's fast asleep in his study: if you find him stir, give me notice. (FELIX *taps at the window*, L. H. 2 E.) Hark, I hear Felix at the window; admit him instantly, and then to your post. (*Exit* FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E.)

Isa. What say you, Violante? Is my brother come?

Vio. It is his signal at the window.

Isa. (*Kneels.*) O, Violante! I conjure thee by all the love thou bear'st to Felix, by thy own generous nature, nay more, by that unspotted virtue thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here!

Vio. Contrary to your desire, be assured I never shall. But where's the danger?

Isa. Art thou born in Lisbon, and ask that question? He'll think his honor blemished by my disobedience, and would restore me to my father, or kill me: therefore, dear, dear girl ——

Vio. Depend upon my friendship; nothing shall draw the secret from these lips; not even Felix, though at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

Isa. Remember, Violante, upon thy promise my very life depends. (*Exit*, D. R. H. 1 E.)

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy fate!

Enter FELIX, D. L. H. 1 E.

My Felix! my everlasting love! (*Runs into his arms.*)

Fel. My life! my soul! Violante!

Vio. What hazards dost thou run for me? O, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If, during this tedious, painful exile, thy thoughts have never wandered from thy Felix, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself? No, if the god of love were lost to all the rest of human kind, thy image would secure him in my breast: I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

Fel. My heart's the proper sphere where love resides: could he quit that, he would be nowhere found; and yet, Violante, I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee cause to doubt, my Felix?

Fel. True love has many fears, and fears as many eyes as fame; yet sure I think they see no fault in thee. (COLONEL BRITON *taps at the window*, L. H. 2 E.) What's that? (*Taps again.*)

Vio. What? I hear nothing. (*Again.*)

Fel. Ha! What means this signal at your window?

Vio. Some one, perhaps, in passing by, might have accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

Col. B. (*Without, at window,* 2 E. L. H.) Hist, hist! Donna Violante! Donna Violante!

Fel. They use your name by accident too, do they, madam? (*Crosses to* R. H.)

Re-enter FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E.

Flora. (L. H. *Aside to* VIOLANTE.) There is a gentleman at the window, madam, which I fancy to be the same who brought Isabella hither. Shall I admit him?

Vio. (C. *Aside.*) Admit distraction rather! Thou art the cause of this, unthinking wretch!

Fel. (R. H.) What, has Mrs. Scout brought you fresh intelligence? Death, I'll know the bottom of this immediately. (*About to go.*)

Flora. Scout! I scorn your words, seignior! (*The* COLONEL *taps louder.* — *Aside.*) It must be the colonel — now to deliver my letter to him. (*Exit,* D. L. H. 1 E.)

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me. (*Runs and catches hold of him.*)

Fel. O, 'tis not fair not to answer the gentleman, madam. It is none of his fault that his visit proves unseasonable. Pray let me go: my presence is but a restraint upon you. (*Struggles to get from her.*) Hark, he grows impatient at your delay. Why do you hold the man whose absence would oblige you? Pray let me go, madam. Consider the gentleman wants you at the window — Confusion! (*Struggles.*)

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death! not you? Is there another of your name in the house? But come on, convince me of the truth of what you say; open the window. If his business does not lie with you, your conversation may be heard. This, and only this, can take off my suspicion. What, do you pause? O, guilt! guilt! Have I caught you? Nay, then I'll leap the balcony. If I remember, this way leads to it. (*Breaks from her, and goes to* R. H. D.)

Vio. Hold, hold, hold, hold! not for the world you enter there! — (*Aside.*) Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge?

Fel. What, have I touched you? Do you fear your lover's life?

Vio. I fear for none but you. For goodness' sake, do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hears you, I am lost forever. Felix! Felix! your curiosity shall be satisfied. (*Goes to the window,* 2 E. L. H., *throws up the sash.*) Whoe'er you are, that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighborhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

Col. B. (*Without,* 2 E. L. H.) I ask pardon, madam, and will obey; but, when I left this house to-night ——

Fel. Good.

Vio. You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, sir.

Fel. No, no, he's not mistaken. Pray, madam, let the gentleman go on.

Vio. Pray be gone, sir; I know of no business you have here.

Col. B. I wish I did not know it either. But this house contains my soul; then can you blame my body for hovering about it?

Fel. Excellent.

Vio. I tell you again, you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

Fel. Matchless impudence! an assignation before my face. No, he shall not live to meet your wishes. (*Takes out a pistol, and goes towards the window,* L. H. 2 E.; *she catches hold of him.*)

Vio. Ah! (*shrieks,*) hold, I conjure you.

Col. B. To-morrow's an age, madam! May I not be admitted to-night?

Vio. If you be a gentleman, I command your absence. — (*Aside.*) Unfortunate, what will my stars do with me?

Col. B. I have done. Only this — be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping. (*Exit from the window.*)

Fel. Pray observe the gentleman's request, madam. (*Walks from her.*)

Vio. I am all confusion.

Fel. You are all truth, all love, all faith: O, thou all women! How have I been deceived! 'Sdeath, could you not have imposed upon me for this one night? Could neither my faithful love, nor the hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on? O, thou ——

Vio. Can I bear this from you? (*Weeps.*)

Fel. (*Repeats.*) "When I left this house to-night." To-night, the devil! returned so soon!

Vio. (*Aside.*) O, Isabella! what hast thou involved me in?

Fel. (*Repeats.*) "This house contains my soul." O, sweet soul!

Vio. (*Aside.*) Yet I resolve to keep the secret.

Fel. (*Repeats.*) "Be careful of my life, for 'tis in your keeping." Damnation! how ugly she appears! (*Looks at her.*)

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me; but believe me, Felix, I have not injured you, nor am I false.

Fel. Not false? not injured me? O, Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false! O, monstrous!

Vio. Indeed, I am not. There is a cause which I must not reveal. O, think how far honor can oblige your sex. Then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

Fel. Honor! What hast thou to do with honor, thou that canst admit plurality of lovers? A secret! ha, ha, ha! his affairs are wondrous safe, who trusts his secrets to a woman's keeping; but you need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point, madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falsehood are the same.

Vio. My love.

Fel. My torment!

Re-enter FLORA, *door* L. H. 1 E.

Flora. So, I have delivered my letter to the colonel, and received my fee. Madam, your father bade me see what noise that was. (*Crosses,* R. H.) For goodness' sake, sir, why do you speak so loud?

Fel. I understand my cue, mistress; my absence is necessary, I'll oblige you. (*Going,* VIOLANTE *takes hold of him. Exit* FLORA, D. R. H. 1 E.)

Vio. O, let me undeceive you first.

Fel. Impossible.

Vio. 'Tis very possible, if I durst.

Fel. Durst! ha, ha, ha! durst, quotha!

Vio. But another time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never.

Vio. Now, it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be. Thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell. (*Breaks from her, and exit,* D. L. H. 1 E.)

Vio. O, exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet not even this shall draw the secret from me.

That I'll preserve, let fortune frown or smile;
And trust to love, my love to reconcile.

(*Exit,* D. R. H. 1 E.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Street,* 1 G.

Enter DON LOPEZ, L. H. 1 E.

Lop. Was ever man thus plagued? Odsheart, I could swallow my dagger for madness. I know not what to think; sure, Frederic had no hand in her escape. She must get out of the window; and she could not do that without a ladder: and who could bring it her but him? Ay, it must be so. This graceless baggage! But I'll to Frederic immediately; I'll take the alguazil with me, and search his house; and if I find her, I'll use her — by St. Anthony, I don't know how I'll use her. (*Exit,* R. H. 1 E.)

Enter COLONEL BRITON, *with* ISABELLA'S *letter in his hand;* GIBBY *following,* L. H. 1 E.

Col. B. Well, though I could not see my fair incognita, fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. O, how I love these pretty, kind, coming females, that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them! This letter I received from a lady in a veil — some duenna: some necessary implement of Cupid. I suppose the style is frank and easy; I hope like her that writ it. (*Reads.*) "*Sir, I have seen your person, and like it* —" very concise — "*and, if you'll meet me at four o'clock in the morning upon*

the Terriero de Passa, half an hour's conversation will let me into your mind" — ha, ha, ha! a philosophical wench; this is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man — "*if your intellects answer your outward appearance, the adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not attempt to see my face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for.*" Humph, the gentleman she takes me for! I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then I'm sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives. Gibby.

Gibby. Here and lik yer honor.

Col. B. Follow me at a good distance; do you hear, Gibby?

Gibby. In troth dee I, weel eneugh, sir.

Col. B. I am to meet a lady on the Terriero de Passa.

Gibby. The deel an mine eyn gin I ken her, sir.

Col. B. But you will when you come there, sirrah.

Gibby. Like eneugh, sir; I have as sharp an eyn tul a bonny lass as ere a lad in aw Scotland: and what mun I dee wi' her, sir?

Col. B. Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

Gibby. In troth, sall I, sir, gin the deel tak her not.

Col. B. Come along, then; 'tis pretty near the time. I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,
While tasteless mortals sleep their time away.

(*Exeunt*, R. H. 1 E.)

SCENE II. — *Handsome Chamber in* FREDERIC'S *House*, 2 G., D. F. R. H., *practical. Set door*, R. H. 1 E.

Enter INIS *and* LISSARDO, D. R. H. 1 E.

Lis. Your lady run away, and you know not whither, say you?

Inis. She never greatly cared for me after finding you and I together: but you are very grave, methinks, Lissardo.

Lis. (*Looking on the ring.*) Not at all. I have some thoughts, indeed, of altering my course of living; there is a critical minute in every man's life, which, if we can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune.

Inis. (*Aside.*) Ah! what do I see? a diamond ring! Where the deuse had he that ring? — You have got a very pretty ring there, Lissardo.

Lis. Ay, the trifle is pretty enough; but the lady which gave it to me is a bona roba, in beauty, I assure you. (*Cocks his hat, and struts.*)

Inis. I can't bear this — the lady. — (*Aside.*) What lady, pray?

Lis. O fie! There's a question to ask a gentleman.

Inis. A gentleman! Why, the fellow's spoiled! Is this your love for me? Ungrateful man, you'll break my heart, so you will (*Bursts into tears.*)

Lis. (*Aside.*) Poor, tender-hearted fool.

Inis. If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I would. (*Sobs.*)

Lis. (*Aside.*) So, now the jade wants a little coaxing. Why, what dost weep for now, my dear, ha?

Inis. I suppose Flora gave you that ring; but I'll ——

Lis. No, the devil take me if she did; you make me swear now. — (*Aside.*) So, they are all for the ring; but I shall bob 'em. — I did but joke; the ring is none of mine, it is my master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore pr'ythee dry thy eyes, and kiss me, come.

Enter FLORA, *unobserved*, L. H. 1 E.

Inis. And do you really speak truth now?

Lis. Why do you doubt it?

Flora. (*Aside.*) So, so, very well! I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has forsworn it so often. (*Goes up*, L. C.)

Inis. Nor hain't you seen Flora since you came to town?

Flora. (*Aside.*) Ha! how dares she mention my name?

Lis. No, by this kiss, I hain't. (*Kisses her.*)

Flora. (*Aside.*) Here's a dissembling varlet.

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Lis. Love the devil! Why, did I not always tell thee she was my aversion?

Flora. Did you so, villain? (*Gives him a box on the ear.*)

Lis. (*Aside.*) Zounds, she's here! I have made a fine piece of work on't.

Inis. What's that for, ha? (*Goes up to her.*)

Flora. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. Frippery, if you don't get about your business.

Inis. Who do you call Frippery, Mrs. Trollop? Pray get about your business, if you go to that; I hope you pretend to no right and title here.

Lis. (*Aside.*) What the devil do they take me for? an acre of land, that they quarrel about right and title to me?

Flora. Pray, what right have you, mistress, to ask that question?

Inis. No matter for that; I can show a better title to him than you, I believe.

Lis. So, now I am as great as the famed Alexander. But my dear Statira and Roxana, don't exert yourselves so much about me: now, I fancy if you would agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest way, satisfy both your demands upon me.

Flora. You satisfy! No, sirrah, I am not to be satisfied so soon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither. What, do you make no difference between us?

Flora. You pitiful fellow, you! What, you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myself the trouble of dogging you out of love to your filthy person; but you are mistaken, sirrah. It was to detect your treachery. How often have you sworn to me that you hated Inis, and only carried fair for the good cheer she gave you; but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs, you said.

Inis. How, how, sirrah, crooked legs! Odds, I could find in my heart —— (*Raises her dress a little.*)

Lis. (*Drops down on his knee, and holds his hat before his eyes.*) Here's a lying young jade, now! Pr'ythee, my dear, moderate thy passion. (*Coaxingly.*)

Inis. I'd have you to know, sirrah, my legs were never — Your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, sir. (*Passionately.*)

Lis. My master — so. (*Shakes his head and winks.*)

Flora. (*Aside.*) I am glad I have done some mischief, however.

Lis. (*To* INIS.) Art thou really so foolish as to mind what an enraged woman says? Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I? (*Runs to* FLORA.) Could not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion? you silly girl, you. Why, I saw you follow us plain enough, and said all this that you might not go back with only your labor for your pains. But you are a revengeful young slut though, I tell you that; but come, kiss and be friends.

Flora. Don't think to coax me; hang your kisses.

Fel. (*Without,* L. H. 1 E.) Lissardo!

Lis. (*Aside.*) Odshcart, here's my master; the devil take both these jades for me; what shall I do with them?

Inis. (*Aside.*) Ha! 'tis Don Felix's voice; I would not have him find me here with his footman for the world.

Fel. (*Without,* L. H.) Why, Lissardo, Lissardo!

Lis. Coming, sir. What a plague will you do?

Flora. Bless me, which way shall I get out?

Lis. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your quarrel aside, and be content to be mewed up in this clothes press together, or stay where you are, and face it out — there is no help for it.

Flora. Put me any where, rather than that: come, come, let me in. (LISSARDO *opens door,* R. *and* FLORA *exit,* D. F. R.)

Inis. I'll see her hanged before I'll go into the place where she is. I'll trust fortune with my deliverance. Here used to be a pair of back stairs; I'll try to find them out. (*Exit,* R. H. 2 E.)

Enter DON FELIX *and* FREDERIC, L. H. 1 E.

Fel. Was you asleep, sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Lis. I did hear you, and answered you I was coming, sir.

Fel. Go, get the horses ready; I'll leave Lisbon to-night, never to see it more.

Lis. Hey-day! what's the matter now? (*Exit,* L. H. 1 E.)

Fred. Pray tell me, Don Felix, what has ruffled your temper thus?

Fel. A woman. O, friend, who can name woman, and forget inconstancy?

Fred. This from a person of mean education were excusable; such low suspicions have their source from vulgar conversation; men of your politer taste never rashly censure. Come, this is some groundless jealousy. Love raises many fears.

Fel. No, no; my ears conveyed the truth into my heart, and rea-

son justifies my anger. O, my friend! Violante's false, and I have nothing left but thee in Lisbon, which can make me wish ever to see it more; except revenge upon my rival, of whom I am ignorant. O that some miracle would reveal him to me, that I might through his heart punish her infidelity!

Reënter LISSARDO, L. H. 1 E.

Lis. O, sir! here's your father, Don Lopez, coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Lis. I can't tell, sir. He asked for Don Frederic.

Fred. Did he see you?

Lis. I believe not, sir; for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my master notice.

Fel. Keep out of his sight then. (*Exit* LISSARDO, L. H. 1 E.) And, dear Frederic, permit me to retire into the next room, for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeased at my return without his leave. (*Exit*, D. R. H. 1 E.)

Fred. Quick, quick, be gone; he is here.

Lop. (*Without.*) Mr. Alguazil, wait you without till I call for you.

Enter DON LOPEZ, L. H. 1 E.

Frederic, an affair brings me here, which requires privacy, so that if you have any body within ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. (R. H.) We are private, my lord; speak freely.

Lop. (L. H.) Why, then, sir, I must tell you that you had better have pitched upon any man in Portugal to have injured than myself.

Fred. I understand you not, my lord.

Lop. Though I am old, I have a son. Alas, why name I him? he knows not the dishonor of my house.

Fred. Explain yourself, my lord; I am not conscious of any dishonorable action to any man, much less to your lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false! you have debauched my daughter.

Fred. My lord, I scorn so foul a charge.

Lop. You have debauched her duty at least; therefore instantly restore her to me, or, by St. Anthony, I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her, my lord! where shall I find her?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

Fred. You are misinformed, my lord; upon my reputation, I have not seen Donna Isabella since the absence of Don Felix.

Lop. Then pray, sir, if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Guzman yesterday?

Fred. The disagreeableness of such a match, I feared, would give your daughter cause to curse her duty, if she complied with your demands; that was all, my lord.

Lop. And so you helped her through the window, to make her disobey.

Fred. This is insulting me, my lord, when I assure you, I have neither seen nor known any thing of your daughter. If she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigor for it.

Lop. Very well, sir; however, my rigor shall make bold to search your house. Here, call in the alguazil —

Flora. (R. D. F.) The alguazil! What, in the name of wonder, will become of me?

Fred. The alguazil! My lord, you'll repent this.

Enter ALGUAZIL *and two attendants,* L. H. 1 E.

Lop. No, sir, 'tis you that will repent it. I charge you, in the king's name, to assist me in finding my daughter. Be sure you leave no part of the house unsearched. Come, follow me. (*Crosses towards door,* 1 E. R. H., *where* FELIX *is.* FREDERIC *draws, and plants himself before the door,* 1 E. R.)

Fred. (R. H.) Sir, I must first know by what authority you pretend to search my house, before you enter here.

Alg. How, sir, dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty? I am, sir, his majesty's alguazil, and the very quintessence of authority — therefore put up your sword, or I shall order you to be knocked down. For know, sir, the breath of an alguazil is as dangerous as the breath of a demiculverin.

Lop. She is certainly in that room, by his guarding the door; if he disputes your authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. I shall show you some sport first. The woman you look for is not here; but there is something in this room which I'll preserve from your sight at the hazard of my life.

Lop. Enter, I say; nothing but my daughter can be there. Force his sword from him. (LOPEZ *and* ALGUAZIL *advance to* D. R. H. FELIX *comes out of* D. R. H. 1 E.)

Fel. Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house!

Lop. O, O, O, misericordia! what do I see, my son?

Alg. Ha, his son! Here's five hundred pounds good, my brethren, if Antonio dies; and that's in the surgeon's power, and he's in love with my daughter, you know; so seize him.

Lop. Hold, hold! O that ever I was born!

Fred. Did I not tell you you would repent, my lord? What, ho! within there.

Enter VASQUEZ, D. R. H. 1 E.

Arm yourselves, and let not a man in or out but Felix.

(*Exit* VASQUEZ, D. 1 E. R. H.)

Fel. Generous Frederic!

Fred. Look ye, alguazil; when you would betray my friend for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice, but as a thief and robber thus resist you.

Fel. Come on, sir; we'll show you play for the five hundred pounds.

Reënter VASQUEZ *and two servants armed with swords,* D. R. H. 1 E.

Lop. Hold, hold, alguazil; I'll give you the five hundred pounds;

that is, my bond to pay upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

Aly. Say you so, my lord? Why, look ye, my lord, I bear the young gentleman no ill-will, my lord; if I but get the five hundred pounds, my lord — why, look ye, my lord — 'tis the same thing to me whether your son be hanged or not, my lord.

Fel. Scoundrels!

Lop. Ay, well, thou art a good-natured fellow, that is the truth on't. Come, then, we'll to the tavern, and sign and seal this minute. (*Exeunt* ALGUAZIL, L. H. 1 E.; *servants*, D. R. H. 1 E.) O, Felix, why wouldst thou serve me thus? But I cannot upbraid thee now, nor have I time to talk. Be careful of thyself, for thou wilt break my heart. (*Exeunt* LOPEZ *and* VASQUEZ, L. H. 1 E.)

Fel. (L. H.) Now, Frederic, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet, till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation, — for I overheard it all, — I can't return the acknowledgments I owe you. Know you aught relating to my sister?

Fred. (R. H.) I hope my faith and truth are known to you; and here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every thing relative to your father's charge.

Fel. Enough; I do believe thee. O, fortune, where will thy malice end?

Re-enter VASQUEZ, L. H. 1 E.

Vas. Sir, I bring you joyful news.

Fel. What's the matter?

Vas. I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

Fel. I wish it be true; then I'm at liberty to watch my rival, and pursue my sister. Pr'ythee, Frederic, inform thyself of the truth of this report.

Fred. I will this minute. Do you hear? — (*To* VASQUEZ.) Let nobody in to Don Felix till my return. *Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Vas. I'll observe, sir. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Flora. (*Opens door*, R. F.) They have almost frightened me out of my wits, I'm sure. Now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady; but how then shall I say I came into the cupboard?

Vas. (*Without*, L. H. 1 E.) I tell you, madam, Don Felix is not here.

Vio. (*Without*, L. H. 1 E.) I tell you, sir, he is here, and I will see him.

Fel. What noise is that?

Enter VIOLANTE, L. H. D.

Vio. You are as difficult of access, sir, as a first minister of state.

Flora. My stars! my lady here! (*Closes door*, R. F.)

Fel. If your visit was designed to Frederic, madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, sir, the visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your ceremonies, madam.

Vio. Though I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

Fel. If my eyes, my ears, and my understanding lied, then I am in your debt; else not, madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a term so gross, to say they lied, but call it a mistake; nay, call it any thing to excuse my Felix. Could I, think ye, could I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love? No law, whilst single, binds us to obey; but your sex are obliged to pay a deference to all woman kind.

Fel. These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I would rather tear them out, than suffer them to delude my reason, and enslave my peace.

Vio. Can you love without esteem? and where is the esteem for her you still suspect? O, Felix, there is a delicacy in love, which equals even a religious faith! True love never doubts the object it adores, and sceptics there will disbelieve their sight. (*Crosses*, R. H.)

Fel. Your notions are too refined for mine, madam.

Re-enter VASQUEZ, L. H. 1 E.

How now, sirrah, what do you want?

Vas. Only my master's cloak out of this press, sir; that's all. (*Crosses behind to* D. R. F.)

Fel. Make haste then.

Vas. (*Opens the door*, R. F., *and see* FLORA.) O, the devil! the devil! (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Flora. Discovered! Nay, then, legs befriend me. (*Crosses stage and runs out*, L. H. 1 E.)

Vio. Ha! a woman concealed! Very well, Felix.

Fel. A woman in the press!

Re-enter LISSARDO, L. H. 1 E.

How the devil came a woman there, sirrah?

Lis. (*Aside.*) What shall I say now?

Vio. Now, Lissardo, show your wit, to bring your master off.

Lis. Off, madam? Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great wit to, to, to, bring him off, madam; for she did, and she did not come, as, as, as a, a, a man may say, directly to, to, to, to speak with my master, madam.

Vio. I see by your stammering, Lissardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, rascal! speak without hesitation, and the truth too, or I shall stick my spado through your body.

Vio. No, no, your master mistakes; he would not have you speak the truth.

Fel. Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

Lis. (*Aside.*) I am so confounded between one and the other, that I can't think of a lie.

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this woman back instantly ; I'll know what business she had here !

Vio. Not a step ; your master shall not be put to the blush. Come, a truce, Felix ! Do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I scorn forgiveness where I own no crime ; but your soul, conscious of its guilt, would fain lay hold of this occasion to blend your treason with my innocence.

Vio. Insolent ! Nay, if instead of owning your fault, you endeavor to insult my patience, I must tell you, sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honor you would be taken for ; you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy ; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and would make me the aggressor. It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance. This last usage has given me back my liberty, (*crosses to* L. H. ;) and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance : and so your servant.

(*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Fel. O, stubborn, stubborn heart, what wilt thou do ? Her father's will shall be obeyed ; ha ! that carries her to a cloister, and cuts off all my hopes at once. By Heaven she shall not, must not leave me ! No, she is not false ; at least my love now represents her true, because I fear to lose her. Ha ! villain, art thou here ? (*Turns upon* LISSARDO.) Tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here concealed — or ——

Lis. Ay, good sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth.

(*Falls on his knees.*)

Fel. Out with it then.

Lis. It, it, it was Mrs. Flora, sir, Donna Violante's woman. You must know, sir, we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while. She was not willing you should know it ; so, when she heard your voice, she ran into the clothes press. I would have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it ; this is the truth, as I hope for a whole skin, sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone in it, sirrah. Fly, and observe if Violante goes directly home.

Lis. Yes, sir, yes.

Fel. Fly, you dog, fly. (*Exit* LISSARDO, L. H. 1 E.)
I must convince her of my faith. O, how irresolute is a lover's heart ! How absolute is a woman's power !

In vain we strive their tyranny to quit ;
In vain we struggle, for we must submit.

(*Exit*, D. R. H. 1 E.)

SCENE III. — *The Terriero de Passa.* DON PEDRO'S *House*, L. *flat*, 1 G.

D. F. L. H., *practical.* *Enter*, 1 E. R. H., COLONEL BRITON, *and* ISABELLA *veiled ;* GIBBY *at a distance.*

Col. B. Then you say it is impossible for me to wait upon you home, madam ?

Isa. I say it is inconsistent with my circumstances, colonel, and that way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. B. Consent to go with me, then. I lodge at one Don Frederic's, a merchant, just by here: he is a very honest fellow, and I dare confide in his secrecy.

Isa. (*Aside.*) Ha! does he lodge there? Pray Heaven I am not discovered.

Col. B. What say you, my charmer? shall we breakfast together? I have some of the best tea in the universe.

Isa. Pooh! tea! Is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings, colonel?

Col. B. (*Aside.*) Well hinted. — No, no, no, I have other things at thy service, child.

Isa. What are these things, pray?

Col. B. My heart, soul, and body into the bargain.

Isa. Has the last no incumbrance upon it? Can you make a clear title, colonel?

Col. B. All freehold, child; and I'll afford thee a very good bargain. (*Embraces her.*)

Gibby. (*Aside.*) O my sol, they mak muckle words about it. Ise sair weary with standing; Ise e'en take a sleep. (*Lies down.*)

Isa. If I take a lease, it must be for life, colonel.

Col. B. Thou shalt have me as long, or as little time as thou wilt, my dear. Come, let's to my lodging, and we'll sign and seal this minute.

Isa. O, not so fast, colonel; there are many things to be adjusted, before the lawyer and the parson come.

Col. B. The lawyer and parson? No, no, you little rogue, we can finish our affairs without the help of the law — or the gospel.

Isa. Indeed but we can't, colonel.

Col. B. Indeed! Why, hast thou then trepanned me out of my warm bed this morning for nothing? Why, this is showing a man, half-famished, a well-furnished larder, then clapping a padlock on the door, till you starve him quite.

Isa. If you can find in your heart to say grace, colonel, you shall keep the key.

Col. B. I love to see my meat before I give thanks, madam; therefore uncover thy face, child, and I'll tell thee more of my mind. If I like you —

Isa. I dare not risk my reputation upon your ifs, colonel, and so adieu. (*Going.*)

Col. B. Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

Isa. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your curiosity now; one step farther loses me forever. Show yourself a man of honor, and you shall find me a woman of honor.

Col. B. Well, for once, I'll trust to a blind bargain, madam. (*Kisses her hand. Exit* ISABELLA, L. H. 1 E.) But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship, if Gibby observes my orders. Methinks these intrigues which relate to the mind are very insipid — the conversation of bodies is much more diverting. Ha! what do I see? my rascal asleep! Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? And is it

thus you observe my orders, you dog. (*Kicks* GIBBY *all this while;* GIBBY *shrugs, rubs his eyes, and yawns.*)

Gibby. That's true, and like yer honor; but I thought when yence you had her in yer ane honds, ye might a ordered her yer sel well enough without me, en ye ken, an like yer honor.

Col. B. Sirrah, hold your impertinent tongue, and make haste after her. If you don't bring me some account of her, never dare to see my face again. (*Exit,* R. H. 1 E.)

Gibby. Ay, this is bony wark indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can well fill my weam, to be sent a hunting after this black she-devil! What gate sal I gang to speer for this wutch now? Ah, for a ruling elder, or the kirk's treasurer, or his mon, I'd gar my master mak twa o'this. But I am sure there's na sic honest people here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculddudrie.

Enter a SOLDIER, R. H., *passing along.*

Good mon, did ye see a woman, a lady, ony gate here awe e'en now?

Sol. Yes, a great many. What kind of a woman is it you inquire after?

Gibby. Geud troth, she's na kenspekle; she's aw in a cloud.

Sol. What, 'tis some Highland monster, which you brought over with you, I suppose. I see no such, not I. Kenspekle, quotha!

Gibby. Huly, huly, mon, the deel pike out yer een, and then ye'll see the bater, ye Portiguise tike.

Sol. What says the fellow? (*Turns to* GIBBY.)

Gibby. Say? I say I am a better fellow than e'er stude upon your shanks — and gin I beer mair o'yer din, deel o'my saul, sir, but Ise crack your croon.

Sol. Get you gone, you Scotch rascal, and thank your heathen dialect, which I don't understand, that you hain't your bones broke.

Gibby. Ay, an ye dinna understond a Scotsman's tongue, Ise see gin ye can understond a Scotsman's gripe. Wha's the better mon now, sir? (*Lays hold of him, strikes up his heels, and gets astride over him.*)

Enter VIOLANTE, 1 E. R. H.; GIBBY *rises and brushes up to her. Exit* SOLDIER, L. H. 1 E.

I vow, madam, but I am glad that ye and I are foregathered.

Vio. What would the fellow have?

Gibby. Nothing away, madam, no worth yer heart, what a muckle deal o'mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby.

Vio. The man's drunk.

Gibby. In troth am I not. And gin I had no found ye, madam, the Laird knows when I should; for my master bad me ne'er gang hame without tidings of ye, madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubbed. (*Crosses,* L. H.)

Gibby. Geud faith, my maister has e'en done that t'yer honds, madam.

Vio. Who is your master, sir?

Gibby. Mony a ane speers the gate they ken right weel. It is no

sa lang sen ye parted wi' him. I wish he ken ye hafe as weel as ye ken him.

Vio. Poh, the creature's mad, or mistakes me for somebody else; and I should be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer.

(*Exit into* DON PEDRO'S *house,* D. F. L. H.)

Enter LISSARDO, R. H. 1 E.

Lis. So, she's gone home, I see. What did that Scotch fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out; perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

Gibby. Are ye gone, madam? A deel scope in yer company; for I'm as weese as I was. But I'll bide and see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at. (*Turns and sees* LISSARDO.) My lad, wot ye wha lives here?

Lis. Don Pedro de Mendoza.

Gibby. And did you see a lady gang in but now?

Lis. Yes, I did.

Gibby. And d'ye ken her tee?

Lis. It was Donna Violante, his daughter. — (*Aside.*) What the devil makes him so inquisitive! There is something in it, that's certain. 'Tis a cold morning, brother; what think you of a dram?

Gibby. In troth, very weel, sir.

Lis. You seem an honest fellow; pr'ythee, let's drink to our better acquaintance.

Gibby. Wi' aw my heart, sir; gang your gate to the next house, and Ise follow ye.

Lis. Come along, then. (*Exit,* R. H. 1 E.)

Gibby. Don Pedro de Mendoza — Donna Violante, his daughter. That's as right as my leg, now; Ise need na mare; I'll tak a drink, and then to my maister.

I'll bring him news will mak his heart full blee;
Gin he rewards it not, deel pimp for me. (*Exit,* R. H. 1 E.)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. — *Same as Act II.* VIOLANTE'S *Lodgings.*

Enter ISABELLA, *in a gay temper, and* VIOLANTE, *out of humor,* D. R. H. 1 E.

Isa. My dear, I have been seeking you this half hour, to tell you the most lucky adventure.

Vio. And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it that you could possibly have found in the whole four and twenty.

Isa. Hang unlucky hours! I won't think of them. I hope all my misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Isa. I have seen the man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.

Isa. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a discovery already, I thank ye.

Isa. What say you, my dear?

Vio. I say I am very unlucky at discoveries, Isabella; I have too lately made one pernicious to my case. Your brother is false.

Isa. Impossible!

Vio. Most true.

Isa. Some villain has traduced him to you.

Vio. No, Isabella; I love too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures. No; I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.

Isa. Then I am most unhappy. My brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your favor, I have no title to your friendship.

Vio. You wrong my friendship, Isabella; your own merit entitles you to every thing within my power.

Isa. Generous maid! But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false?

Vio. Another time. But tell me, Isabella, how can I serve you?

Isa. Thus, then: the gentleman that brought me hither I have seen and talked with upon the Terriero de Passa this morning, and I find him a man of sense, generosity, and good humor; in short, he is every thing that I could like for a husband; and I have despatched Mrs. Flora to bring him hither; I hope you'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither! to what purpose?

Isa. To the great universal purpose — matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! Why, do you design to ask him?

Isa. No, Violante; you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the favor you design me, but desire to be excused. I manage my own affairs too ill to be trusted with those of other people. I can't, for my life, admire your conduct — to encourage a person altogether unknown to you. 'Twas very imprudent to meet him this morning, but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what inconvenience you have already drawn upon me.

Isa. I am not insensible how far my misfortunes have embarrassed you, and, if you please, will sacrifice my quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urged! Have I not preferred your happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

Isa. I know thou hast; then do not deny me this last request, when a few hours, perhaps, may render my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring my brother to thy feet for pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this affair. I suppose he knows you are the same woman that he brought in here last night?

Isa. Not a syllable of that. I met him veiled; and, to prevent his knowing the house, I ordered Mrs. Flora to bring him by the back door into the garden.

Vio. The very way which Felix comes; if they should meet there would be fine work. Indeed, my dear, I can't approve of your design.

Enter FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E.

Flora. Madam, the colonel waits your pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a message, mistress, without acquainting me?

Flora. So, I am huffed for every thing.

Isa. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear Violante; I acknowledge the rashness of the action, but consider the necessity of my deliverance.

Vio. That indeed is a weighty consideration. Well, what am I to do?

Isa. In the next room I'll give you instructions. In the mean time, Mrs. Flora, show the colonel into this.

(*Exeunt* FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E., ISABELLA *and* VIOLANTE, D. R. H. 1 E.)

Re-enter FLORA, *with* COLONEL BRITON, D. L. H. 1 E.

Flora. The lady will wait on you presently, sir.

(*Exit* D. L. H. 1 E.)

Col. B. Very well. This is a very fruitful soil; I have not been here quite four and twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already.

Re-enter VIOLANTE, D. R. H. 1 E., *veiled.*

(*Aside.*) Ha! a fine-sized woman. Pray Heaven she proves handsome. — I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, colonel?

Col. B. If you be not very unreasonable indeed, madam. A man is but a man. (*Takes her hand and kisses it.*)

Vio. Nay, we have no time for compliments, colonel. My design is levelled at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

Col. B. Ay, that it is; faith, madam, and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee ——

Vio. As law can do it?

Col. B. Hang law in love affairs! — (*Aside.*) A matrimonial hint again.

Vio. Did you never see a woman in all your travels that you could like for a wife?

Col. B. (*Aside.*) A very odd question. — Do you really expect that I should speak truth now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be dealt with, colonel.

Col. B. Why, then, yes.

Vio. Is she in your country or this?

Col. B. (*Aside.*) This is a very pretty kind of a catechism. — In this town, I believe, madam.

Vio. Her name is ——

Col. B. Ay, how is she called, madam?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, sir.

Col. B. O, O! why, she is called —— Pray, madam, how is it you spell your name?

Vio. O, colonel, I am not the happy woman, nor do I wish it.

Col. B. No? I'm sorry for that. — (*Aside.*) What the devil does she mean by all these questions?

Vio. Come, colonel, for once be sincere; perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. B. (*Aside.*) This is like to be but a silly adventure, here's so much sincerity required. — Faith, madam, I have an inclination to sincerity; but I'm afraid you'll call my manners in question.

Vio. Not at all; I prefer truth before compliment in this affair.

Col. B. Why, then, to be plain with you, madam, a lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a window, whose person I could be content to take, as my father took my mother, till death do us part; but who she is, or how distinguished, whether maid, wife, or widow, I can't inform you. Perhaps you are she.

Vio. Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she; but I can give you an account of her. That lady is a maid of condition, has ten thousands pounds; and if you are a single man, her person and fortune are at your service.

Col. B. I accept the offer with the highest transports; but say, my charming angel, art thou not she? (*Offers to embrace her.*)

Vio. Once again, colonel, I tell you I am not she; but at six this evening you shall find her on the Terriero de Passa, with a white handkerchief in her hand. Get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. B. I shall infallibly observe your directions, madam.

Re-enter FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E., *hastily, and whispers* VIOLANTE, *who starts and seems surprised.*

Vio. Ha! Felix crossing the garden, say you? What shall I do now?

Col. B. You seem surprised, madam.

Vio. O colonel, my father is coming hither; and if he finds you here I am ruined.

Col. B. Odslife, madam, thrust me any where. Can't I go out this way?

Vio. No, no, no — he comes that way. How shall I prevent their meeting? Here, here, step into my bed chamber ——

Col. B. O, the best place in the world, madam.

Vio. And be still, as you value her you love. Don't stir till you've notice, as ever you hope to have her.

Col. B. On that condition I'll not breathe. (*Exit* D. R. H. 1 E.)

(VIOLANTE *places chair and sits in centre.*)

Enter FELIX, D. L. H. 1 E.

Fel. I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while. But

she is at home, I find. — (*Aside.*) How coldly she regards me. — You look, Violante, as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the assurance to approach me after what I saw to-day?

Fel. Assurance! rather call it good nature, after what I heard last night. But such regard to honor have I in my love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth, without endeavoring to convince you of my innocence; so much good nature have I more than you, Violante. Pray give me leave to ask your woman one question; my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

Flora. I confess it, madam, and ask your pardon.

Vio. Impudent baggage, not to undeceive me sooner! What business could you have there?

Fel. Lissardo and she, it seems, imitate you and me.

Flora. I love to follow the example of my betters, madam.

Fel. I hope I am justified ——

Vio. Since we are to part, Felix, there needs no justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you. Can you forget how I have loved?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own passion; I should with less concern remember yours. But for Mrs. Flora ——

Fel. You must forgive her. Must, did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, though the injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love than to ourselves; but, at your request, Felix, I do forgive her. Go watch my father, Flora, lest he should awake and surprise us.

Flora. Yes, madam. (*Exit*, D. L. H. 1 E.)

Fel. Dost thou, then, love me, Violante?

Vio. What need of repetition from my tongue, when every look confesses what you ask?

Fel. O, let no man judge of love but those who feel it! What wondrous magic lies in one kind look! One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint. O, the window, Violante; wouldst thou but clear that one suspicion!

Vio. Pr'ythee no more of that, my Felix; a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

Fel. Well, Violante, on condition you think no more of a monastery, I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

Vio. Ah, Felix, love generally gets the better of religion in both men and women. Resolutions made in the heat of passion ever dissolve upon reconciliation.

Reënter FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E., *hastily.*

Flora. O madam, madam, madam, my lord, your father, has been in the house, and locked the back door, and comes muttering to himself this way.

Vio. Then we are caught. Now, Felix, we are undone.

Fel. Heaven forbid! This is most unlucky! Let me step into your bed chamber; he won't look under the bed; there I may con-

ceal myself. (*Runs to the door*, R. H. 1 E., *and puts his hand on the door knob.*)

Vio. No, no, Felix, that's no safe place; my father often goes thither, and should you cough or sneeze, we are lost.

Fel. (*Aside.*) Either my eye deceived me, or I saw a man within. I'll watch him close.

Flora. O, invention, invention! I have it, madam. Here, here, sir; off with your sword and hat, and I'll fetch you a disguise.

(*Exit with* FELIX's *hat and sword*, D. F. R. H.)

Fel. (*Aside.*) She shall deal with the devil if she conveys him out without my knowledge.

Vio. Bless me, how I tremble!

Re-enter FLORA, D. F. R. H., *with a disguise dress.*

Flora. Here, sir, put on this. Be sure you don't speak a word.

Fel. Not for the Indies. (*Puts on dress.*)

Ped. (*Without*, L. H. 1 E.) Why, how came the garden door open?

Enter DON PEDRO, L. H. 1 E.

Ha! how now? Whom have we here?

Flora. 'Tis my mother, and please you, sir. (FELIX *and* FLORA *courtesy.*)

Ped. Your mother! By St. Andrew she's a strapper! Why, you are a dwarf to her. How many children have you, good woman?

Vio. (*Aside.*) O, if he speaks we are lost!

Flora. O dear, seignior, she cannot hear you; she has been deaf these twenty years.

Ped. Alas, poor woman! Why, you muffle her up as if she was blind too; turn up her hood.

Vio. (*Aside.*) Undone forever! St. Anthony forbid! — O, sir, she has the dreadfulest unlucky eyes! Pray don't look upon them; I made her keep her hood shut on purpose. O, O, O, O!

Ped. Eyes! Why, what's the matter with her eyes?

Flora. My poor mother, sir, is much afflicted with the colic; and about two months ago, she had it grievously in her stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a dram of filthy English Geneva, which immediately flew up into her head, and caused such a defluxion in her eyes, that she could never since bear the daylight.

Ped. Say you so? Poor woman! Well, make her sit down, Violante, and give her a glass of wine.

Vio. Let her daughter give her a glass below, sir. For my part, she has frightened me so, I shan't be myself these two hours. I am sure her eyes are evil eyes.

Ped. Well, well, do so. Evil eyes! there are no evil eyes, child.

Flora. (*Speaks loud.*) Come along, mother. (*Crossing*, L. H.)

Ped. Good by, good woman.

(*Exeunt* FELIX *and* FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E.)

Vio. (*Aside.*) I'm glad he's gone.

Ped. Hast thou heard the news, Violante?

Vio. What news, sir?

Ped. Why, Vasquez tells me that Don Lopez's daughter, Isabella, is run away from her father: that lord has very ill fortune with his children. — (*Aside.*) Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my house is plagued with no suitors.

Vio. This is the first word I ever heard of it; I pity her frailty!

Ped. Well said, Violante. Next week I intend thy happiness shall begin.

Re-enter FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E., *crosses behind to* R. H., *and exit,* D. F. R. H., *and re-enter with* FELIX'S *hat and sword, crosses, and exit,* D. L. H. 1 E.

Vio. (*Aside.*) I don't intend to stay so long, thank you, papa.

Ped. My lady abbess writes word she longs to see thee, and has provided every thing in order for thy reception.

Re-enter FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E.

Thou wilt lead a happy life, my girl — fifty times before that of matrimony, where an extravagant coxcomb might make a beggar of thee, or an ill-natured, surly dog break thy heart.

Flora. (*Aside.*) Break her heart! She had as good have her bones broke as to be a nun; I am sure I had rather, of the two. — You are wondrous kind, sir; but if I had such a father, I know what I would do.

Ped. Why, what would you do, minx — ha?

Flora. I would tell him I had as good a right and title to the law of nature, and the end of the creation, as he had.

Ped. You would, mistress! Who the devil doubts it? A good assurance is a chambermaid's coat of arms; and lying and contriving the supporters. Your inclinations are on tiptoe, it seems. If I were your father, housewife, I'd have a penance enjoined you, so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for a month. You are enough to spoil your lady, housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

Vio. Fie, Flora; are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father? You said, yesterday, you would be glad to go with me into the monastery.

Flora. Did I? I told a great lie, then.

Ped. She go with thee! No, no; she's enough to corrupt the whole convent. Well, child, remember what I said to thee: next week ——

Vio. (*Aside.*) Ay, and what I am to do this, too. — I am all obedience, sir; I care not how soon I change my condition.

Ped. Well said, Violante. Well, child, I am going into the country for two or three days, to settle some affairs with thy uncle; and when I return, we'll provide for thy happiness, child. Good by, Violante; take care of thyself.

(*Exeunt* DON PEDRO *and* VIOLANTE, D. L. H. 1 E.)

Flora. So, now for the colonel. Hist, hist, colonel.

Re-enter COLONEL BRITON, D. R. H. 1 E.

Col. B. Is the coast clear?

Flora. Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over the wash-house, and jump from the garden wall into the street.

Col. B. Nay, nay, I don't value my neck, if my incognita answers but thy lady's promise.

(*Exeunt* COLONEL BRITON *and* FLORA, D. F. R. H.)

Re-enter FELIX, D. L. H. 1 E.

Fel. I have lain perdue under the stairs, till I watched the old man out. (VIOLANTE *opens the door*, L. H. 1 E.) 'Sdeath, I am prevented. (*Retires*, L. H. 2 E.)

Re-enter VIOLANTE, D. L. H. 1 E.

Vio. Now to set my prisoner at liberty. (*Crosses to the door*, R. H. 1 E., *tiptoe, where the* COLONEL *was hid.*) Sir, sir, you may appear.

Re-enter FELIX, L. H. 2 E., *following her up to the door*, R. H. 1 E.

Fel. May he so, madam? I had cause for my suspicion, I find. Treacherous woman!

Vio. (*Aside.*) Ha, Felix here! Nay, then, all's discovered.

Fel. (*Draws. Turns* VIOLANTE *to* L. H.) Villain, whoever thou art, come out, I charge thee, and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

Vio. (*Aside.*) What shall I say? Nothing but the secret which I have sworn to keep can reconcile this quarrel.

Fel. A coward! Nay, then, I'll fetch you out. Think not to hide thyself; no, by St. Anthony, an altar should not protect thee.

(*Exit*, R. H. D. 1 E.)

Vio. (*Aside.*) Defend me, Heaven! What shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder.

Re-enter FLORA, D. F. R. H., *crosses behind to* L. H.

Flora. I have helped the colonel off clear, madam.

(*Exit*, D. L. H. 1 E.)

Vio. Say'st thou so, my girl? Then I am armed. (*Brings chair and sits* C., *with her eyes riveted on* FELIX, *and laughing at him.*)

Re-enter FELIX, D. R. H. 1 E.

Fel. Where has the devil, in compliance to your sex, conveyed him from my resentment?

Vio. Him; whom do you mean, my dear, inquisitive spark? Ha, ha, ha! Will you never leave these jealous whims?

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me?

Vio. You impose upon yourself, my dear. Do you think I did not see you? Yes, I did, and resolved to put this trick upon you.

Fel. Trick!

Vio. Yes, trick. I knew you'd take the hint, and soon relapse into your wonted error. How easily your jealousy is fired! I shall have a blessed life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it, then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your eyes?

Fel. My eyes! no, nor my ears, nor any of my senses, for they have all deceived me. (*Crosses to* L. H.) Well, I am convinced that faith is as necessary in love as in religion; for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest, he resigns his senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that man finds his love returned, she becomes as errant a slave as if she had already said after the priest.

Fel. The priest, Violante, would dissipate those fears which cause these quarrels. When wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow I will tell thee; my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's; we have time enough to finish our affairs. But, pr'ythee, leave me now, lest some accident should bring my father.

Fel. To-morrow, then —
Fly swift, ye hours, and bring to-morrow on —
But must I leave you now, my Violante?

Vio. You must, my Felix. We soon shall meet to part no more.

Fel. O, rapt'rous sounds! Charming woman!
Thy words and looks have filled my heart
With joy, and left no room for jealousy.
Do thou, like me, each doubt and fear remove,
And all to come be confidence and love.

(*Exeunt* FELIX, D. L. H. 1 E., VIOLANTE, D. R. H. 1 E.)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — FREDERIC'S *House*.

Enter FELIX *and* FREDERIC, R. H. 1 E.

Fel. This hour has been propitious! I am reconciled to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

Fred. Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter LISSARDO, L. H. 1 E.

Fel. What haste you made, sirrah, to bring me word if Violante went home!

Lis. I can give you very good reasons for my stay, sir. — Yes, sir, she went home.

Fred. O, your master knows that, for he has been there himself, Lissardo

Lis. Sir, may I beg the favor of your ear?

Fel. What have you to say? (*Whispers, and* FELIX *seems uneasy.*)

Fred. Ha! Felix changes color at Lissardo's news. — What can it be?

Fel. A Scotch footman, that belongs to Colonel Briton, an acquaintance of Frederic's, say you? The devil! — (*Aside.*) If she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her. (*Whispers* LISSARDO *and sends him off,* L. H. 1 E.) Pr'ythee, Frederic, do you know one Colonel Briton, a Scotchman?

Fred. Yes. Why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great matter; but my man tells me that he has had some little differences with a servant of his; that's all.

Fred. He is a good, harmless, innocent fellow; I am sorry for it. The colonel lodges in my house. I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home. He is a gentleman of good estate, besides his commission; of excellent principles and strict honor, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a man of intrigue?

Fred. Like other men, I suppose. Here he comes.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, L. H. 1 E.

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. B. And not without some reason, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town, sir.

Col. B. That compliment don't belong to me, sir — but I assure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. B. Faith, I know not — only that she is a charming woman — I mean as much as I saw of her.

Fel. (*Aside.*) My heart swells with apprehension. — Some accidental rencounter?

Fred. A tavern, I suppose, adjusted the matter.

Col. B. A tavern? No, no, sir, she is above that rank, I assure you; this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel. (*Aside.*) How! a velvet bed! — I thought you said but now, sir, you knew her not.

Col. B. No more I don't, sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her bed?

Fred. Ay, ay, come, come, unfold.

Col. B. Why, then, you must know, gentlemen, that I was conveyed to her lodgings, by one of Cupid's emissaries, called a chambermaid, in a chair, through fifty blind alleys, who, by the help of a key, let me into a garden.

Fel. (*Aside.*) 'Sdeath, a garden! This must be Violante's garden.

Col. B. From thence conducted me into a spacious room, told me her lady would wait on me presently; so, without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

Fel. (*Aside.*) Damn her modesty! This was Flora!

Fred. Well, how then, colonel?

Col. B. Then, sir, immediately from another door issued forth a lady, armed at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell around me that, had I not been covered with the shield of another beauty, I had infallibly fallen a martyr to her charms; for, you must know, I just saw her eyes — eyes, did I say? No, no, hold, I saw but one eye, though I suppose it had a fellow equally as killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her bed, sir? — (*Aside.*) 'Sdeath, this expectation gives a thousand racks.

Col. B. Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming, she thrust me into the bed chamber.

Fel. Upon her father's coming?

Col. B. Ay, so she said; but, putting my ear to the keyhole of the door, I found it was another lover.

Fel. (*Aside.*) Confound the jilt! 'Twas she, without dispute.

Fred. Ah, poor colonel! Ha, ha, ha!

Col. B. I discovered they had had a quarrel; but whether they were reconciled or not, I can't tell; for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and I acquainted; but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her body as ugly as her soul! There is nothing left to doubt of now. 'Tis plain 'twas she. (FREDERIC *and* COLONEL *laugh.*) — (*Aside.*) Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me. 'Sdeath, I cannot bear it!

Fred. So when she had despatched her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed chamber — ha, colonel?

Col. B. No, plague take the impertinent puppy, he spoiled my diversion: I saw her no more.

Fel. (*Aside.*) Very fine! Give me patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with rage.

Fred. That was hard.

Col. B. Nay, what was worse — (*To* FELIX.) But, sir, dear sir, do hearken to this. The nymph that introduced me, conveyed me out again over the top of a high wall, where I ran the danger of having my neck broke, for the father, it seems, had locked the door by which I entered.

Fel. (*Aside.*) That way I missed him. Damn her invention. Pray, colonel — (COLONEL *and* FELIX *laugh.* Ha, ha, ha! it's very pleasant. Ha, ha!) — was this the same lady you met upon the Terriero de Passa this morning?

Col. B. Faith, I can't tell, sir; I had a design to know who that

lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell fast asleep. I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter GIBBY, L. H. 1 E.

Col. B. Where have you been, sirrah?

Gibby. Truth, Ise been seeking ye, and lik yer honor, these twa hoors and mair. I bring thee glad teedings, sir.

Col. B. What, have you found the lady?

Gibby. Geud faith, ha' I, sir; and she's called Donna Violante, and her parent Don Pedro de Mendosa; and, gin ye will gang wi' me, and lik yer honor, Ise make ye ken the hoose right weel.

Fel. (*Aside.*) O, torture, torture!

Col. B. (*Aside.*) Ha! Violante! That's the lady's name of the house where my incognita is: sure it could not be her; at least it was not the same house, I am confident.

Fred. Violante! 'Tis false; I would not have you credit him, colonel.

Gibby. The deel burst my bladder, sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat it, you dog; (*kicks him;*) and if your master will justify you ——

Col. B. Not I, faith, sir. I answer for nobody's lies but my own. If you please, kick him again.

Gibby. But gin he does, Ise na tak it, sir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards. (*Walks about in a passion.*)

Col. B. I owed you a beating, sirrah, and I am obliged to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore say no more; d'ye hear, sir? (*Apart to* GIBBY.)

Gibby. Troth de I, sir, and feel tee.

Fred. This must be a mistake, colonel; for I know Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the Terriero de Passa.

Col. B. Don't be too positive, Frederic. Now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

Fel. You'll very much oblige me, sir, if you'd let me know these reasons.

Col. B. Sir!

Fel. Sir, I say I have a right to inquire into these reasons you speak of.

Col. B. Ha, ha! really, sir, I cannot conceive how you, or any man, can have a right to inquire into my thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante. And he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reason for't, is a villain. (*Draws.*)

Col. B. (*Aside.*) What the devil have I been doing? Now blisters on my tongue by dozens.

Fred. Pr'ythee, Felix, don't quarrel till you know for what; this is all a mistake, I'm positive. (*Retires up.*)

Col. B. Look you, sir; that I dare draw my sword, I think will

admit of no dispute. But though fighting's my trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honorable to decline this business than pursue it. This may be a mistake: however, I'll give you my honor never to have any affair, directly or indirectly, with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of that name, I hope you will not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

Fel. Your vanity has given me sufficient reason to believe I'm not mistaken. I'll not be imposed upon, sir.

Col. B. Nor I be bullied, sir.

Fel. Bullied! 'Sdeath, such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

Col. B. Are you sure of that, Spaniard? (*Draws.*)

Gibby. (*Draws.*) Say na mair, mon. O' my saul, here's twa to twa. Dinna fear, sir, Gibby stonds by ye for the honor of Scotland. (*Vapors about.*)

Fred. (*Comes down, c.*) By St. Anthony, you shan't fight on bare suspicion: be certain of the injury and then ——

Fel. That I will this moment; and then, sir — I hope you are to be found ——

Col. B. Whenever you please, sir. (*Exit* FELIX, L. H. 1 E.)

Gibby. 'Sdeath, sir, there ne'er was a Scotsman yet that shamed to show his face. (*Struts about.*)

Fred. So, quarrels spring up like mushrooms, in a minute. Violante and he were but just reconciled, and you have furnished him with fresh matter of falling out again; and I am certain, colonel, Gibby is in the wrong.

Gibby. Gin I be, sir, the mon that tald me leed; and gin he did, the deel be my landlord, hell my winter-quarters, and a rape my winding-sheet, gin I dee not lick him as lang as I can haud a stick in my hond, now see ye.

Col. B. I am sorry for what I have said, for the lady's sake: but who could divine that she was his mistress? Pr'ythee, who is this warm spark?

Fred. He is the son of one of our grandees, named Don Lopez de Pimentell, a very honest gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his love. He is an only son, which may perhaps be one reason for indulging his passion.

Col. B. When parents have but one child, they either make a madman or a fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only child; he has a sister; but I think, through the severity of his father, who would have married her against her inclination, she has made her escape; and, notwithstanding he has offered five hundred pounds, he can get no tidings of her.

Col. B. Ha! how long has she been missing?

Fred. Nay, but since last night, it seems.

Col. B. (*Aside.*) Last night? The very time! — How went she?

Fred. Nobody can tell: they conjecture through the window.

Col. B. (*Aside.*) I'm transported! This must be the lady I caught. — What sort of a woman is she?

Fred. Middle-sized, a lovely brown, a fine pouting lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give.

Col. B. (*Aside.*) O, I am fired with the description! 'Tis the very she. — What's her name?

Fred. Isabella. You are transported, colonel.

Col. B. (*Aside.*) I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh thou know'st; and who can hear of charms so exquisite, and yet remain unmoved? O, how I long for the appointed hour! I'll to the Terriero de Passa, and wait my happiness; if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at Violante's, in spite of her brother's jealousy. — Dear Frederic, I beg your pardon, but I had forgot, I was to meet a gentleman upon business at five; I'll endeavor to despatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible.

Fred. Your humble servant, colonel. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Col. B. Gibby, I have no business with you at present.

(*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Gibby. That's weel. Now will I gang and seek this loon, and gar him gang with me to Don Pedro's house. Gin he'll no gang of himself I'se gar him gang by the lug, sir. Godswarbit, Gibby hates a lee.

(*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

SCENE II. — VIOLANTE'S *Lodgings*, 3 G. *Same as before.*

Enter VIOLANTE *and* ISABELLA, D. L. H. 1 E.

Isa. The hour draws on, Violante, and now my heart begins to fail me; but I resolve to venture, for all that.

Vio. What, does your courage sink, Isabella?

Isa. Only the force of resolution a little retreated; but I'll rally it again, for all that.

Enter FLORA, D. L. H. 1 E.

Flora. Don Felix is coming up, madam.

Isa. My brother! which way shall I get out? Despatch him as soon as you can, dear Violante. (*Exit*, D. R. H. 1 E.)

Vio. I will.

Enter FELIX, *in a surly humor*, D. L. H. 1 E.

Felix, what brings you back so soon? did I not say to-morrow?

Fel. (*Aside.*) My passion chokes me; I cannot speak. O, I shall burst! (*Throws himself into a chair.*)

Vio. Bless me, are you not well, my Felix?

Fel. Yes — no — I don't know what I am.

Vio. Heyday! What's the matter now! Another jealous whim!

Fel. (*Aside.*) With what an air she carries it! I sweat at her impudence.

Vio. If I were in your place, Felix, I'd choose to stay at home when these fits of spleen are upon me, and not trouble such persons as are not obliged to bear with them. (*Here he affects to be careless of her.*)

Fel. I am very sensible, madam, of what you mean: I disturb you no doubt; but were I in a better humor, I should not incommode you less; I am but too well convinced you could easily dispense with my visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no company so welcome; but when you reserve me for your ill nature, I waive your merit, and consider what's due to myself. And I must be so free to tell you, Felix, that these humors of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very principles of love.

Fel. (*Rises.*) And I must be so free to tell you, madam, that since you have made such ill returns to the respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future; and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break, as your vanity would tempt you to believe. I cannot brook the provocation you give. (*Crosses to* R. H.)

Vio. This is not to be borne. Insolent! You abandon! You! whom I've so often forbade ever to see me more! Have you not fallen at my feet? Implored my favor and forgiveness? Did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my heart? Ungrateful man! if my chains are so easily broke, as you pretend, then you are the silliest coxcomb living you did not break 'em long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing, on whom such usage could make no impression. (*Crosses to* R. H.)

Fel. I always believed, madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power; you would be less imperious, had my inclination been less forward to oblige you. You have, indeed, forbade me your sight, but your vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed that vanity. Your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me. And the brightest passage of your life is, wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank. (*Walks about in a great passion.*)

Vio. Matchless arrogance! True, sir, I should have kept measures better with you, if the conquest had been worth preserving; but we easily hazard what gives us no pain to lose. As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you; there are men above your boasted rank, who have confessed their power, when their misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory. (*Crosses to* L. H.)

Fel. Yes, madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest passage of my life, is not the least glorious part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha! don't put yourself in a passion, madam, for I assure you, after this day, I shall give you no trouble. You may meet your sparks on the Terriero de Passa, at four in the morning, without the least regard to me; for when I quit your chamber, the world shan't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleased with your resolution, I don't care how soon you take your leave. But what you mean by the Terriero de Passa, at four in the morning, I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no, not you. You were not upon the Terriero de Passa at four this morning!

Vio. No, I was not; but if I was, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave. (*Crosses to* R. H.)

Fel. O, doubtless, madam! and you might meet Colonel Briton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house — and upon your father's coming in, thrust him into your bed chamber — without asking my leave. 'Tis no business of mine, if you are exposed among all the footmen in town — nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a halfpenny a piece — they may without my leave. (*Crosses to* L. H.)

Vio. Audacious! don't provoke me — don't; my reputation is not to be sported with (*going up to him*) at this rate. No, sir, it is not. (*Bursts into tears.*) — (*Aside.*) Inhuman Felix! O, Isabella, what a train of ills thou hast brought on me!

Fel. (*Aside.*) Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep. A woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords. — O, Violante. 'Sdeath! What a dog am I! Now have I no power to stir. Dost thou not know such a person as Colonel Briton? Pr'ythee tell me, didst not thou meet him at four this morning upon the Terriero de Passa?

Vio. Were it not to clear my fame, I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate! But I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act. By Heaven, I have not seen the Terriero de Passa this day.

Fel. Did not a Scotch footman attack you in the street neither, Violante?

Vio. Yes; but he mistook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do you not know this Scotch colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more questions; this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for your base suspicions. More than this I shall not satisfy you; therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, Violante?

Vio. I'll answer nothing. You were in haste to be gone just now; I should be very well pleased to be alone, sir. (*Sits down on* R. H., *and turns aside.*)

Fel. I shall not long interrupt your contemplation. — (*Aside.*) Stubborn to the last.

Vio. (*Aside.*) Did ever woman involve herself as I have done?

Fel. (*Aside.*) Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her; for something whispers to my soul she is not guilty. (*He pauses, then pulls a chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.*) — Give me your hand at parting, however, Violante, won't you? (*He lays his hand upon her knee several times.*) Won't you — won't you — won't you?

Vio. (*Half regarding him.*) Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, Violante. O, my heart!

Vio. (*Smiles.*) I thought my chains were easily broke. (*Lays her hand in his.*)

Fel. (*Draws his chair close to her, and kisses her hand in a rapture.*) Too well thou knowest thy strength. O, my charming angel, my heart is all thy own! Forgive my hasty passion, 'tis the transport of a love sincere! O, Violante, Violante!

Ped. (*Without*, L. H.) Bid Sancho get a new wheel to the chariot presently.

Vio. Bless me, my father returned! What shall we do now, Felix? We are ruined past redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my love; I can leap from the closet window. (*Runs to the door*, R. H. 1 E., *where* ISABELLA *is, who closes it; noise of bolts heard within.*) Confusion! somebody bolts the door withinside. I'll see whom you have concealed here, if I die for't. O, Violante, hast thou again sacrificed me to my rival? (*Draws.*)

Vio. By Heaven, thou hast no rival in my heart! let that suffice. Nay, sure you will not let my father find you here. Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall, except you command this door to be opened, and that way conceal me from his sight. (*He struggles with her to come at the door.*)

Vio. Hear me, Felix. Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us forever, by all that's powerful, you shall not enter here. Either you do love me, or you do not. Convince me by your obedience.

Fel. That's not the matter in debate. I will know who is in this closet, let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go in.

Enter DON PEDRO, D. L. H. 1 E.

Ped. Heyday! What's here to do? "I will go in," and "You shan't go in," — and "I will go in." Why, who are you, sir?

Fel. (*Aside.*) 'Sdeath! What shall I say now?

Ped. Don Felix, pray what's your business in my house? Ha, sir.

Vio. O, sir, what miracle returned you home so soon? Some angel 'twas that brought my father back to succor the distressed. This ruffian — I cannot call him gentleman — has committed such an uncommon rudeness, as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own. As I was at my devotions in my closet ——

Fel. Devotions!

Vio. I heard a loud knocking at my door, mixed with a woman's voice, which seemed to imply she was in danger. I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady, veiled, rushed in upon me, who, falling on her knees, begged my protection from a gentleman, who, she said, pursued her. I took compassion on her tears, and locked her in this closet; but, in the surprise, having left open the door, this very person whom you see, with his sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I refused to give her up to his revenge, he'd force the door.

Fel. (*Aside.*) What in the name of goodness does she mean to do? hang me!

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have entered. But he's in drink, I sup-

pose, or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum. (*Signs to* FELIX.)

Ped. I'm amazed!

Fel. (*Aside.*) The devil never failed a woman at a pinch. What a tale has she formed in a minute! In drink, quotha! a good hint; I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off.

Ped. Fie, Don Felix! No sooner rid of one broil but you are commencing another. To assault a lady with a naked sword derogates much from the character of a gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. (*Counterfeits drunkenness.*) Who? I assault a lady! Upon honor the lady assaulted me, sir, and would have seized this body politic upon the king's highway. Let her come out and deny it if she can. Pray, sir, command the door to be opened, and let her prove me a liar if she knows how.

Ped. Ay, ay! who doubts it, sir? Open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out. Come, I warrant thee he shan't hurt her.

Fel. No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature. — (*Aside.*) Now which way will she come off?

Vio. Come forth, madam; none shall dare to touch your veil; I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life. — (*Aside.*) I hope she understands me. (*Noise of bolt heard,* R. H. 1 E.)

Re-enter ISABELLA, D. R. H. 1 E., *veiled, and crosses to* L.

Isa. (*Aside.*) Excellent girl! (*Exit,* D. L. H. 1 E.)

Fel. (*Aside.*) The devil! a woman! I'll see if she be really so.

Vio. (*Aside to* FELIX.) Get clear of my father, and follow me to the Terriero de Passa, when all mistakes shall be rectified.

(*Exit,* D. L. H. 1 E. FELIX *offers to follow her.*)

Ped. (*Draws his sword.*) Not a step, sir, till the lady be past your recovery; I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, sir. Come, sir, you and I will take a pipe and bottle together.

Fel. Damn your pipe and damn your bottle! I hate drinking and smoking; and how will you help yourself, old Whiskers?

Ped. As to smoking or drinking, you have your liberty; but you shall stay, sir.

Fel. But I won't stay; for I don't like your company. Besides, I have the best reason in the world for my not staying.

Ped. Ay! What's that?

Fel. Why, I am going to be married; and so good by.

Ped. To be married! it can't be! Why, you are drunk, Felix.

Fel. Drunk! Ay, to be sure. You don't think I'd go to be married if I was sober. But drunk or sober, I am going to be married for all that; and if you won't believe me, to convince you, I'll show you the contract, old gentleman.

Ped. Ay, do; come, let's see this contract, then.

Fel. Yes, yes, I'll show you the contract, I'll show you the contract. Here, sir, here's the contract. (*Draws a pistol.*)

Ped. (*Starts.*) Well, well, I'm convinced; go, go — pray go and be married, sir.

Fel. Yes, yes, I'll go — I'll go and be married; but shan't we take a bottle first?

Ped. No, no; pray, dear sir, go and be married.

Fel. Very well, very well. (*Going.*) But I insist upon your taking one glass, though.

Ped. No, not now — some other time. Consider, the lady waits.

Fel. (*Aside.*) What a cross old fool! First he will, and then he won't; and then he will, and then he won't. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Enter SERVANT, D. L. H. 1 E.

Serv. Here's Don Lopez ——

Ped. (*Not seeing who it is, picks up a chair and holds it before him.*) Go and get married —— Ah, it's you! Well?

Serv. Here's Don Lopez de Pimentell, to wait on you, seignior.

Ped. What the devil does he want? He is not going to be married, too. Bring him up. (*Exit* SERVANT, D. L. H. 1 E.) He's in pursuit of his son, I suppose.

Enter DON LOPEZ, D. L. H. 1 E.

Lop. I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro; I was told that you was seen upon the road to ——— this afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my lord. I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which obliged me to return. What is your pleasure with me, my lord?

Lop. I am informed that my daughter is in your house.

Ped. That's more than I know, my lord; but here was your son just now, as drunk as an emperor.

Lop. My son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my life. Where is he, pray, sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married! To whom? I don't know that he courted any body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that, but I'm sure he showed me the contract. Within there!

Re-enter SERVANT, D. L. H. 1 E.

Bid my daughter come hither; she'll tell you another story, my lord.

Serv. She's gone out in a chair, sir.

Ped. Out in a chair! What do you mean, sir?

Serv. As I say, sir; and Donna Isabella went in another, just before her.

Lop. Isabella!

Serv. And Don Felix followed in another. I overhead them all bid the chairs go to the Terriero de Passa.

Ped. Ha! what business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think. Within there!

Lop. My heart misgives me plaguily. Call me an alguazil; I'll pursue them straight. (*Exeunt*, L. H.)

SCENE III. — *The Street before* DON PEDRO'S *House*, 2 G. D. F. L. H *practical. Knocker on the door.*

Enter LISSARDO, R. H. 1 E.

Lis. I wish I could see Flora. Methinks I have a hankering kindness after the slut. We must be reconciled.

Enter GIBBY, R. H. 1 E.

Gibby. Aw my sol, sir, but Ise blythe to find ye here now.

Lis. Ha, brother! give me thy hand, boy.

Gibby. Na se fast, se ye me. Brether me ne brethers; I scorn a lee as muckle as a thief, se ye now; and ye must gang intul this house with me, and justify to Donna Violante's face that she was the lady that gang'd in here this morn, se ye me, or the deel ha my sol, sir, but ye and I shall be twa folks.

Lis. Justify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha! for what? Sure you don't know what you say.

Gibby. Troth de I, sir, as weel as ye de; therefore come along, and make no mair words about it.

Lis. Why, what the devil do you mean? Don't you consider you are in Portugal? Is the fellow mad?

Gibby. Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow, sir; and gin the place were hell, I'd gar ye de me justice. (LISSARDO *going.*) Nay, the deel a feet ye gang. (*Lays hold of him and knocks at the* D. F. L. H.)

Lis. (*Aside.*) Ha! Don Pedro himself. I wish I were fairly off.

Enter DON PEDRO, D. F. L. H.

Ped. How now? What makes you knock so loud?

Gibby. Gin this be Don Pedro's house, sir, I would speak with Donna Violante, his daughter.

Ped. Ha! what is it you want with my daughter, pray?

Gibby. An she be your daughter, an like yer honor, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either justify or disprove what this cheeld told me this morn.

Lis. (*Aside.*) So, here will be a fine piece of work.

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gibby. By my sol, sir, Ise tell you aw the truth; my master got a pratty lady upon the how-de-call't — Passa — here, at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam; and, in truth, I lodged her here, and meeting this ill-favored thiefe, se ye me, I speered wha was, and he told me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendoza's daughter.

Ped. Ha! my daughter with a man, abroad at five in the morning! Death, hell, and furies! By St. Anthony, I'm undone!

Gibby. Wounds, sir, ye put yer saint intul bony company.

Ped. Who is your master, you dog you?

Gibby. You dog you!. 'Sbleed, sir, don't call names. I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me now.

Ped. (*To* LISSARDO, *and holding up his cane.*) And who are you, rascal, that know my daughter so well? Ha!

Lis. (*Aside.*) What shall I say to make him give this Scotch dog a good beating? — I know your danghter, seignior? Not I; I never saw your daughter in all my life.

Gibby. (*Knocks him down with his fist.*) Deel ha my sol, sar, gin ye get no your carich for that lee now.

Ped. What, hoa! Where are all my servants?

Enter COLONEL BRITON, FELIX, ISABELLA, *and* VIOLANTE, R. H. 2 E.

Raise the house in pursuit of my daughter.

Col. B. Heydey! What's here to do?

Gibby. This is the loon-like tik, an lik your honor, that sent me heam with a lee this morn.

Fel. This is a day of jubilee, Lissardo; no quarrelling with him this day.

Lis. A plague take his fists! Egad, these Britons are but a word and a blow.

Enter DON LOPEZ, R. H. 1 E.

Lop. So, have I found you, daughter? Then you have not hanged yourself yet, I see.

Col. B. But she is married, my lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds! to whom?

Col. B. Even to your humble servant, my lord. If you please to give us your blessing. (*Kneels.*)

Lop. (*To* ISABELLA.) Why, harkye, mistress, are you really married?

Isa. Really so, my lord.

Lop. (*To* COLONEL BRITON.) And who are you, sir?

Col. B. An honest North Briton by birth, and a colonel by commission, my lord.

Lop. A heretic! the devil! (*Holds up his hands.*)

Ped. She has played you a slippery trick, indeed, my lord. — (*To* VIOLANTE.) Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married. Next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear.

Fel. Next week is a little too soon, sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, sir? You have not made a rib of my daughter, too, have you?

Vio. Indeed, but he has, sir, I know not how; but he took me in an unguarded minute, when my thoughts were not over strong for a nunnery, father.

Lop. Your daughter has played you a slippery trick, too, seignior.

Ped. But your son shall never be the better for't, my lord; her twenty thousand pounds were left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain thing called law, shall make you do justice, sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that; my lord, much good may it do you with your daughter-in-law.

Lop. I wish you much joy of your rib.

(*Exeunt* PEDRO, L. H. 1 E., *and* LOPEZ, R. H. 1 E.)

Enter FREDERIC, R. H. 2 E.

Fel. Frederic, welcome! I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness; and pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.

Fred. Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

Col. B. To the right about, Frederic; wish thy friend joy.

Fred. I do, with all my soul. — (*To* ISABELLA.) And, madam, I congratulate your deliverance. Your suspicions are cleared now, I hope, Felix.

Fel. They are; and I heartily ask the colonel's pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for love has taught me to know that every man's happiness consists in choosing for himself. Now, my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

Let us no more thy sex's conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a proof to their eternal fame,
That man has no advantage but the name.

SITUATIONS.

FRED. R. H. ISABELLA. FELIX. VIOLANTE. COL. BRITON. GIBBY. L. H.

CURTAIN.

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